

THE DEMOCRAT

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BEN H. ADAMS,

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LEAD PENCIL JOTTINGS.

Memoranda Made in the Reporter's Wanderings.

Local Spintires.

MONDAY.

There were only three divorce cases on the docket for the May term of the Common Pleas Court.

Buchmann's auction sale closed last Saturday night. Mr. Buchmann, we understand, will continue to sell at private sale till his stock is all disposed of.

We again call the attention of the City Council to the fact that Frederick street, between Morgan Oak and Jefferson Avenue is impassable for vehicles. The people residing in that part of the city pay their taxes and are entitled to some convenience.

A large share of our space is taken up to-day with the report of Decoration Day ceremonies.

The new bank will open up for business about the first of September.

One member of the School Board voted straight shot every ballot for an applicant for principal of our public school whose only qualification is a big Democratic mouth and unlimited cheek.

A gang of hoodlums had a high old time yesterday afternoon in the south-western part of the city. They drank several kegs of beer, got drunk and had a general row. If a policeman would put in an appearance in that part of the city any Sunday afternoon he would find lots of work to do.

Before the Board of Education meets again to ballot for a principal of our public school it would be the proper thing for those members who voted against Mr. Thos. E. Joyce at the last meeting to talk with the children and patrons of the school. Mr. Joyce has made one of the best principals that school ever had and the patrons of the school will remember the members of the School Board who vote to turn him out.

Herman Vogelsang has so far recovered from his long spell of sickness as to be able to look after his contracts. Mr. Vogelsang is a fine mechanic and we are pleased to know that he can again superintend his work.

Farmers in this county are complaining about being their legs. They say a disease similar to cholera has become an epidemic and hogs are dying off rapidly.

All those who intend to advertise in the Fair catalogue should hand in their copy at once as the job of printing the catalogue will be placed in the hands of the printer this week.

The tickets for the Owl Club excursion are out, and those who contemplate going out to the St. Francis River with the Owls had better secure tickets early as they will be only a limited number sold.

Married at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Louis Brown, in this city June 24, 1891, by Rev. John Brown, — Davis, of Malden and Miss Marie Brown.

The proceedings of the City Council take up considerable space in our paper to-day, but the matter is very interesting reading for our city readers.

We understand P. A. Hoch is going to open up a furniture store of his own. Mr. Hoch is a young man who has lots of friends. He is an enterprising and first-class business man, and we predict that if he goes into business for himself he will make success.

There were three bids handed in for the remodeling of the Opera House according to the plans and specifications, the lowest of which was something over eighteen thousand dollars. The bids were all rejected and Messrs. Kage and Graessle went to St. Louis to see the architect and have him make some changes in the plans.

The ground is laid off for a residence building for J. F. Schwepker on his lot corner of Good Hope and Lorimer streets.

The Masonic fraternity will probably celebrate St. John's Day in this city. They are talking of having a basket picnic on our city park during the day and an entertainment at the Opera House at night.

The wily Colonel tried to work the rabbit's foot on us in the matter of the city printing, but we didn't pull the cork under, and the Democrat is still the official organ of the city, the contract for the city printing having been awarded to the Democrat by the City Council at its meeting Monday.

Mrs. Mollie G. Honck is visiting her daughter who is attending school at Columbia, Mo.

We are pleased to see the citizens on many of our streets making an effort to have their streets graded and gravelled. The work is being done by private subscription and in this way it is well done, for each and every citizen residing on those streets takes an interest in having the street in front of his respective property properly looked after.

The supper for the wedding to-night was prepared by a St. Louis man, and he arrived at 3 o'clock this afternoon, bringing with him trained waiters to attend the tables. This is a real bon-ton wedding—the highest of the high-toned. It will open the eyes of the poor trash of this town and cause many of them to wish they had never been born. Occasions like this happen only once or twice in the life time of the average Cape Girardeau.

—The commencement exercises at the Normal School will begin next week. The exercises this year, we understand, will be very interesting, and many visitors from abroad will be here to witness them.

—The contract for printing the Fair catalogue was awarded to the Riverside Printing Company, of St. Louis. The bid of that company was really the only bid put in. The little blacksmith shop around on Main street made an effort to secure the job, but the Printing Committee that had the letting of the contract paid no attention to the effort.

—To live and let live is a question which annually confronts the residents of our low grounds and swampy districts. Take Cheatham's Tasteless Chili Tonic and live to die a nobler death than by a consumptive chill.

—Many of our farmers will begin harvesting their wheat the latter part of next week. Twenty-five bushels, to the acre, it is claimed, will be the average crop this year in this section of country, but many fields will produce thirty and thirty-five bushels to the acre. Southeast Missouri is unsurpassed as a wheat producing country, and the farmer in this section who owns a good farm is independent.

—Cheatham's Tasteless Chili Tonic is now on the market. Try it and be convinced that it is the only real pleasant and effective medicine known that will in every case cure the chills and fever. It contains no quinine or poisonous and is sold under the familiar motto, "no cure no pay."

—Parties having warrants due them, ordered issued at last Council meeting, can get them of the Register to-day, as Mr. D. A. Glenn, Vice-President, has signed them in the absence of the Mayor, who left early Tuesday morning before the warrants could be filled out.

—We claim some things for Cheatham's Chili Tonic, but not everything. It will not cure softening of the brain or improving, but it will cure chills—sold chills. Guaranteed.

—We notice that the Board of Regents of our Normal School is being urged by certain interested parties to pay the modest little sum of one thousand five hundred dollars for a small display of geological relics. We are not inclined to think that the members of the Board of Regents are the silly suckers that some speculative people take them to be.

—When afflicted with any miserable skin diseases which make life a burden, try Hunt's Cure. It is guaranteed. If it does you no good, it costs you nothing.

—The Cape Girardeau correspondent of the Globe-Democrat was not invited to the wedding in this city to-day, but the parties had the check to send him to telegraph him a column or so to the Globe-Democrat about the wedding. Metropolitan newspapers do not make a habit of publishing "tidbits." They publish the important news of the day.

—Megrimine is the only guaranteed permanent cure for headache and neuralgia. It takes from 25 to 30 minutes. A great blood cleanser and stimulant that in time positively cures. Sample bottle free. The Dr. Whitehall Megrimine Co., South Bend, Ind. Sold by

—G. F. Steners, of Gordonville, will have his fine two-story brick building completed in about ten days and then he proposes to fit up as a saloon as there is in the county. Mr. Steners is an enterprising man and we are glad to know that he is doing a splendid business.

THURSDAY.

—Where did you get that hat? used to be an old hat, but the latest in this city is "did you take in the wedding?"

—Spanish street was the liveliest street in the city yesterday evening. It was so crowded with people going to the wedding that it was completely blocked for nearly two hours.

—A prominent merchant says: "I have sold Megrimine for over a year and guaranteed it to cure any headache without bad after effects and have not found a single case it did not relieve. Sample free. The Dr. Whitehall Megrimine Co., South Bend, Ind. Sold by

—We publish in this issue of the Democrat a lengthy article from our County Superintendent of Public Schools, and we commend the article to all teachers and friends of public education.

—Born to the wife of J. A. Weber, June 24, 1891, a fine big girl baby. Mr. Weber was out in town this morning looking down in the month. He wanted a boy at his house but the little new comer is not built that way.

—English Spain Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses. Blood Spavin Cures, Splints Sweeney, Ring-bone Stiles, Sprains, all swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Sate \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most Benish cure ever known. Sold by Rider & Whitechirch, Druggists, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

—D. A. Glenn expects to get into his new store house about the first of August.

—Married, in St. Vincent's Church, in this city, June 24, 1891, by Rev. Father Nugent, Mr. Jack Seifert and Miss Birlie Kenison.

—Megrimine cures any headache in 30 minutes. Sample free. The Dr. Whitehall Megrimine Co., South Bend, Ind. Sold by

—Fools and their money soon part, is an old and a true saying, and we have lately had a very apt illustration of its truthfulness in this city by the wanton extravagance of persons whom it is not necessary for us to mention.

—This is real hot weather in dead earnest. It is too hot to be comfortable even for the cold-blooded comfort who knows nobody but self.

DECORATION DAY.

The Grand Army of the Present Honors the Grand Army of the Past.

Garlands of Flowers Decorate the Graves of the Dead.

The annual recurrence of the day set apart to the memory of American soldiers who have passed "the dark and rolling river," seems to be acquiring a stronger hold on the affections of our people; and all persons, regardless of sectional lines or former differences, vie with each other in wearing chaplets of flowers to dress the day that covers the breast of the gallant dead that slumber in peace beneath.

What a touching sight to witness those old war-worn heroes, some, who fought with Grant, and some with Lee, now with bent backs and tottering steps working side by side, in faith and friendship, placing the wreaths of flowers on the sacred mounds that side from their view, the loved form and features of some devoted comrade that cheered the camp-fire by night, and stood by their sides on the well fought fields that tried their souls.

Such was the case on Saturday. Our people with unimpaired never before seen, worked with willing hands and earnest hearts to pay this annual tribute to the memory of those they loved while journeying here below.

This spontaneous uprising was not confined to the soldiers alone, but citizens of all creeds and political beliefs, loaded with nature's sweetest gifts labored with zeal to adorn the spots where now lie their lost but loved ones.

At an early hour baskets and crates of the rarest of flowers were unloaded at the court house, where deft and skilled fingers under the guidance of Mrs. Bader and Mrs. Peters, wrought them into bouquets, wreaths, garlands, anchors, harps and crosses; and transfer after transfer conveyed the fragrant emblems to the several cemeteries preparatory to their final distribution.

At one o'clock p.m., the hosts began to gather at the court house park and marsh beneath their several banners.

First the National Guards with full ranks fully armed and equipped, commanded by Capt. Bierwirth, filed into their places and came to a rest.

Then the Confederate veterans, whose thin and shattered lines led by Maj. Dennis, stood in strange contrast with their former well closed ranks and soldier bearing, that met the boy in blue on the hard-contested fields of Shiloh, and around Atlanta. Many were the group of friendly hands and words of cheer they received from the "Yanks" that surrounded them.

Next J. W. Post, No. 173, G. A. R., sixty strong, Commander J. N. Hartzell, How gray and bent they look; Jos. L. Wray Post, No. 431, Commander Horn, twenty-two strong; these were followed by Louis F. Bierwirth Post, No. 402, twenty strong.

The public school, four hundred in line, came next, each division headed by their teachers, all under the watchful eye of Prof. Joyce.

Then came the Normal students, two hundred in line, bearing aloft with conscious pride their beautiful banner wreathed in garlands of roses and evergreens. These were under the personal supervision of Prof. McGhee, who exerted himself to keep his youngsters in line. The students were each provided with a lovely bouquet in hand, and they made a fine appearance in line.

Then came the citizens on foot and in carriages, all buried in wreaths and blossoms of the rarest of flowers.

At 2 o'clock, sharp, officer of the day, Gustave Schlicker, gave the word "March," and the leading band with slow taps and long-roll, turned into Lorimer street, and when the head of the column filed into Broadway they were met by long lines of people, handsomely decorated buildings and the strains of martial music which made the old "vets" forget their three score years, their aches and pains, and they carried themselves with erect and manly bearing as in days of old. The line was the longest and best regulated that ever turned out in this city on Decoration Day.

AT THE CEMETERY.

The National Guards being a little in advance passed within the gate; a sharp order from Capt. Bierwirth quickly formed them in open order and halted them facing inward on each side of the avenue, and when the Confederate veterans caught up "Present arms" rang out; and, as it by magic, every hat in the confederate line was lifted in grateful acknowledgment of the high compliment thus paid them. After all had passed through the lines of the National Guards save the Normal students who were passing under the gate, the Guards were again brought to a "Present arms," and with the exception of Prof. McGhee, all the young gentlemen, sons of soldier sires, passed through the lines at a "present arms," and passed the draped flag of their country, with umbrellas up and covered heads, in order, disregard, or ignorance, of the high honor then being paid them.

After a brief rest beneath the spreading trees, the rally was sounded, roll called, and the volleys fired over the dead. Then "Break ranks," and all went forth to break the graves, which was done as never before; and forgotten was the grave indeed, that failed to receive its share of nature's brightest gifts.

The students of the Normal marched in a body and formed a circle around the grave of Prof. Cheney, the first president of the school, and buried the mound in a heap of blossoms, and set the standard of the school at his feet.

When you want boots and shoes go to a boot and shoe store and buy them. C. J. Hannan's is a boot and shoe store, and we know that his goods are just what he represents them to be.

Valdettory Delivered at the Closing Exercises of Lincoln School.

By Victor A. Morris, May 26, 1891.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been chosen by my classmates to deliver the "Valdettory."

To return our thanks to the free school system and to the Board of Education of Cape Girardeau. We, as pupils, desire to show our appreciation of the kindness that has been rendered to us. Teachers and scholars zeal to work this year with more zeal than ever before, and we have really tried to do justice to ourselves, our parents, and to our God. At times discouragements have assailed us, but a good cause makes a stout heart; we have pushed on and in future will hold in grateful remembrance the perseverance of our school life.

To the Free School System we tender our heartfelt thanks, and are proud to know that we have the grand and glorious privilege of attending a free school.

To the Board of Education we tender our sincere thanks for the many encouragements received. For procuring us loving, kind and efficient teachers, and for the beautiful and pleasant surroundings with which we are blessed. Although, rich and women have risen to distinction under the most adverse circumstances, progress is more sure when surrounded by comfort and plenty.

To our dear teacher—who has so faithfully labored with us, we would say, that although we may never again be placed in the relation of instructor and pupils, distance and time can never erase you from our memories; for in you we have found a friend and counselor. To you we feel indebted for much that we are, or that we ever hope to be. As we go out into our new field of action we tender our best wishes and hopes for your prosperity, happiness and future success. Faithfully and earnestly have you labored with us and we hope to do credit to your teachings. We have learned to look upon you not only as a teacher, but as a friend. And in the years to come, when we shall apply your lessons of kindness, patience and energy to the real problem of every day life, the memory of your labors in our behalf will not let us forget the debt we owe to you. We further ask that you will forgive our many offerings, and trust that when life's stormy voyage is ended we may meet around the throne of God.

School life is a pleasant life, at least it has been so to us, for our school is a grand one and we, as the pupils, are proud to have our names subscribed on the pages of its history as its first Alumni. We have spent many pleasant hours in school with our former, present and our departed schoolmates, and our hearts have been made to ache many a time on the death of some of them. Death is a terrible monster; yet as we have to give our loved ones to him, we should so conduct ourselves, that when the Master shall gather in the shades, we too, may be found among the number.

Fellow classmates—this afternoon our school fellowship is broken; and although our school days are ended, and our way lies in paths never trod before, I trust that we will nobly act our part, conquer in the strife, and when life is over, meet to dwell with God forever more.

To our kind and dear parents—we thank you from the depths of our hearts for your kindness, for your love in buying us books, clothing, food and sending us to school; we earnestly hope that we have done credit to your labors.

And now to our successors—we say, if it seems or difficulties gather around you, try and bear them bravely; for remember the adage, "the harder the cross the brighter the crown." Push forward, make your mark high and aim for it. Do this, and you will gain a glorious victory. And although you may never pronounce the victory complete others will find in you the traces of a noble purpose and a thinking mind.

Teachers and schoolmates, as we part this afternoon we wish you a kind and loving farewell.

A Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cluley celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage at their residence Monday evening. Quite a large number of their intimate friends were present, and the bride and groom of fifty years ago were on this, their golden wedding day, the recipients of a large number of handsome and valuable presents. Their guests were some of the oldest citizens of this city and they were royally entertained by the venerable, highly esteemed and happy couple around whose hearth-stone they had been called to help celebrate an occasion that but few people live to celebrate. A splendid supper was served and enjoyed, for Mrs. Cluley and her daughter, Mrs. Clark, know how to prepare a supper to tickle the palate of lovers of good things to eat. The DEMOCRAT was remembered for a large share of the wedding cake, and if all cake served at golden weddings is like the basket full we received from this one we regret that such weddings so seldom happen.

May the happy couple who have lived to celebrate their golden wedding live to celebrate their diamond wedding twenty-five years hence—yes, live forever, is the wish of their host of friends.

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